

SONNET.

For the Guard.
BY JOHN TOSLIN, ESQ.
Thy beauty, Helen, like the isles,
Where never footprint mark'd their shores,
Where never bird, but eagle soars,
Where never spring but summer smiles,
Is there a heart that love beguiles,
From such eternal, lonely shores?
Is there a heart that never smiles,
In feeling, that its love is yours?
Thou art to me the lock of hair,
That dying sisters give away—
A holy shrine, where did, and where,
The olden pilgrims meet to pray,
While Faith and Charity most dear,
Lift up with smiles their hallow'd way,
Jackson, Ten.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

TO THE LOAFERS.—Hearken unto me, ye
stricken deer, ye sorrowing sons of mis-
ery, ye weary of life, ye weary of
your state, not in anger but in tender love
for you, not in anger but in tender love
for you. The light of other days has faded, the
cup is shivered in your grasp and your bright
dreams quenched forever. The days of loaf-
ing have passed away, the bright sunny days
when all went merry as the peal of a bell,
when money was held but as a dross, when
economy was scouted as a meanness, when
bank notes not only were good, but flew like
for in a cat fight, when a tavern presented
no bills, when a tailor would beg for your
custom, when a friend would open his purse
and mention no time for repayment, when
the broad light of fortune's sun beamed full
upon the land and left no shadow on its face.
All, all have passed away like the robes
of a dream. The bloom of your world
has melted off from its bones and the rough
grim skeleton of rugged reality grins ghastly
before you.

The change of the times has fallen heavily
on all. Nabobs have broken, railroads
have stopped; canals are damned up. Banks
are damned down; merchants have closed
their doors, carpenters have pawed their
planes for bread and turned over their ham-
mers to the sheriffs; and the deep gloom of
despondency hangs like a fog over the land.
Faro dealers have melted their boxes, because
the gold goose had quit laying; Doctors are
driven to eat their own drugs. Lawyers are
selling their books and turning to food for
the stomach what was meant to be food for
the brain, and over the wide Union the grim
form of want stalks drearily abroad.

But of all the victims of this mighty revo-
lution, of all the sufferers in this awful change,
upon none does it fall with such stunning
effect, as upon the poor, friendless devil
whom I now address. For none do I feel
such poignant regret—such heartfelt sym-
pathy. Ye philosophical vagabonds, denizens
of the world, loiterers upon time, specula-
tors on eternity, how my heart bleeds for
you! All other victims have some resource.
The bursted up shopman may glean some-
thing from the wreck of his better days. At
least, he may retain the credit of employ-
ment, and claim to be "settling up his busi-
ness." I believe is the phrase. The swindler,
though broken, has still the tools of his trade,
while his brain is clear, and the mazes of the
court records offer a fair field for his labors.
The sullen artisan may still ply his trade,
though his gains are less; and, at all events,
the public domain offers a home to the squa-
ter. All meet, at least, the commiseration
of their luckier neighbors. But, upon you,
no eye beams kindly—no sympathy softens
your distress. When your hard fate claims
your notice of some sleek son of plenty, a
scowl of contempt is the doom which awaits
you. In this town of religion and prayer,
where the church bells ring an eternal round-
elay, and where people are hoarse with the
singing of hymns, you alone are scouted
even for faithfully following the mandates of
the great founder of their faith. Ye take no
heed what ye shall eat, or what ye shall
wear, and let the morrow take heed of it-
self, which were his commandments; and it is
that which makes ye to be loafers. That is
the receipt to make them to order complete.
Names, too, have changed with the times.
Your name has become a reproach and a
scorn, and the philosophic cosmopolite, with
his dreamy meditation, who laughed the
world aside and bid it pass, is scornfully
scouted as a mere common place vagabond.
They draw no distinction between you. All
your merits, all special characteristics, all
individualities, are drowned and blackened in
that one generic term. But, there is one, at
least, who knows you better—one, who not
only grieves for your sufferings, but appre-
ciates your motives, understands your pecu-
liarities, and can separate and distinguish the
pure unalloyed, genuine, refined and sublimated
loafer, from the various coarse copies
which cluster around him and vulgarize his
name. Now, there is the slothful Dunder-
head, who passes his days in a senseless stu-
por; who neither laughs nor talks, nor thinks
nor dreams during the live long day. No-
thing amuses, or grieves, or arouses him. He
feels no pleasure from any source—no pain,
save from the sense of external touch. Al-
though, from a gregarious instinct, he al-
ways seeks a crowd, yet he amuses no one,
and tries to amuse no one: From this in-
stinct, (for he has no motive for it,) he joins
any company the public lounges may con-
tain; drops himself upon the first bench, and
there he is fixed till the cows come. He
would never move but for hunger, and long
continued sitting has made seatless breeches
his uniform, and worn corners on his buttocks
as thick as upon the toes of a dandy dancer.
He can be defined but by negatives, and has
no quality, good, bad, or indifferent, but
laziness. If a gentleman gives him a cigar,
he lets the fire go out from being too sluggish
to draw. At table he eats what is closest

to him, be it meat or bones; because he is
too lazy to reach out for what he wants.
He bolts his mouthfuls whole, rather than
make the exertion to chew them. He loves
grog, but is troublesome to mix it, and he
takes his liquor raw. His coat may be
threadbare, but it contains no rent, for he
never moves quick enough to tear it. His
blood is stagnant, and but for the salt meat
he eats in the hot days of the summer
he would spoil. Laziness is the sum and
substance of his being, and covers him all
over like a mantle. This fellow is a mere
dross, a mere vegetable, and if his feet were
stuck in the ground, he would grow like a
tree; he is unworthy of the ancient name of
loafer, and for him, or to him, I have noth-
ing to say.

Then there is your sensitive loafer, who
is ashamed of his calling, and seeks to avoid
its name. His greasy threadbare coat is
brushed till it is as glossy as a mirror, and
a white collar at least, is always visible. He
lives on expectations, and is always about to
do something. He is a man of "nice feel-
ings." At the least allusion to loafing, he
walks off as stiff as buckram, and "not treat-
ed like a gentleman, by God," is the shibboleth
of his talk. Then, there is the sycophantic
loafer, who aspires to the "place of a
tender, and hangs on for the crumbs of some
plentiful table, where "drift may follow faw-
ning." And the busy loafer, always in a
hurry; and the backbiting loafer, who de-
spises himself, though he has not the will to
amend. A creature of gall and spleen and
bitterness, who hates all things that look sleek
and smiling, because he is a loafer. His
only pleasure is in snarling at his betters;
and a fat dog cannot pass him without a kick.
For none of these fellows do I feel any sor-
row, and it is not for them that my tears are
flowing. It is for the Phoenix of the tribe,
the true Simon Pure, the genuine, undefiled,
sublimated loafer, the laughing philosopher,
the butterfly of the summer, the light bubble
that floats on the current of time, that my
grief swells high in my throat. Gay, ragged
and saucy, with a jibe for every folly; and a
laugh for any fun, his frolicsome fancy roams
over the earth, and finds food for his taste
wherever it wanders. Prompt for any prank
which cannot be profitable; and ready to do
any man's business but his own. Always
easy, lively and comical, he repines at no
man's good luck, nor at his own, which may be
bad. He laughs at his own straits as a
capital joke, and is grateful that if they will
not get better, they cannot get worse. If
he has no money, he has no care; and though
he may have no shirt, yet it is no matter,
for then he don't want one. In a gutter or
a garret, he is as in a palace; and the sun-
shine and the light make him content as
Diogenes in his tub.

But it has always seemed to me my hear-
ers, that even Diogenes must have consid-
ered some other little indispenables as thrown
in, or his tub would hardly have contented
him. The tongue will burn with thirst and
the bowels yearn for food: The stomach is a
cantankerous beggar, and will not long
brook denial. The sun will still yield you
light and the earth offers rest upon its bos-
om, but unfortunately for you that is not en-
ough. A most unfortunate, imprudent
and injudicious law of nature renders eating
indispensable. It was a wonderful oversight
in the economy of nature, but it is so, and it
is useless to repine. I grieve from the bot-
tom of my soul that food is necessary, but
the fact is so, and the question is, how are
we to get it. It does not grow cooked upon
the bushes, and the niggard earth will not
yield even her fruits without labor. You
cannot, like Nebuchadnezzar, eat grass like a
beast; and, as for the charity of your fellow
men, that horse has been already ridden too
hard—the spur stroke cannot now rouse him.
It is clear that you must do something for
yourself; and with deep and thoughtful
anxiety, I have pondered painfully what it
should be.

Robbery would offer a ready resource, but
most men look upon it with aversion; and
in truth, the profession has not been held
honorable for several centuries. The riev-
ers and lifters of the Scottish border, the
stark moss troopers of the bogs, and the gal-
lant archer, Robin Hood, with his merry
men of the green wood, cast a halo of glory
around it which even now will dazzle and
charm the fancy; but it is the general opin-
ion of judicious men, this lustre is meritori-
ous, and will not bear the test of moral
analysis. In later days, the profession has
lost one shining light, one brilliant gem,
in the person of the renowned and chivalrous
Charles de Moor, who cut throats with the
delicate grace of a courtier, and rifled a
purse with an elegance which made it a lux-
ury to be robbed. The hero of the black
forests, his dark dells still ring with his feats.
The Quixote of cutthroats, the Bayard of
brigands, the Corsair of the shore, the lover
of ladies and theme of song, his name is em-
balm in tradition, and his glories hymned
in the gorgeous numbers of intoxicating
verse. But his exploits alone have not won
him his fame, and the lingering lustre which
still plays over his memory, is a tribute as
much to his biographer as to him. His feats
are emblazoned on the pictured page of the
illustrious Schiller, and it is the living light
which gleams through the poet's verse, which
is but reflected upon the Brigand's deeds.
The garlands which still grow fresh and
green over the robber's grave, are not clus-
tered around him, but were woven as a chap-
let for the child of song. Since the days of
the romantic adventurer, the profession has
been much degraded by the vulgarity of its
followers; and after the career of the great
Turpin had closed, but few gentlemen have
adopted it as a regular calling. In our own
state, too, there is a very general prejudice
against it in consequence of the injudicious
severity which was manifested five or six
years ago, by Alonzo Phelps, who was cer-

tainly in some respects a very rigorous prac-
titioner. It cannot be denied, that on both
sides of the Atlantic, the general voice of
society, through its accredited agent, a par-
liament or a legislature, has been decidedly
against it, and has formally expressed its dis-
approval of the custom in the shape of various
enactments, with the penalties therein men-
tioned. A parliament or a legislature must
be esteemed to form their decisions on wise
and deliberate reflection, and its opinion is,
therefore, entitled to great weight. I will
not combat it; and, in preference to an argu-
ment on the subject against such authority,
will, at once, admit frankly and without
qualification, that robbery is a very reprehen-
sible profession, which an enlightened policy
requires should be discouraged.

Stealing, too, I am not prepared to vindic-
ate. It is generally considered, and most
law writers maintain, that the rights of
property are absolute. As a matter of policy,
at any rate, most governments have recog-
nized, by legislation, the distinction between
theft and larceny, and have declared that
a disregard of that distinction should be
discountenanced. This opinion has been
general among civilized nations, with, I
think, but one exception. The ancient Spar-
tans inculcated theft as a virtue, but I doubt
whether it would be so considered at the
present day, even among the most philosoph-
ic; and most certainly a different opinion
prevails among the unreflecting vulgar.
They form their opinions from the code of
customs which exist around them, and not
being imbued with classic lore, would but
slightly regard the authority of even the
maxims of Lycurgus, though their eter-
nal voice speaks through the vista of hoary
ages. This class of the community is
very numerous, and prudence requires that
even their prejudices should be regarded.

Upon full and mature consideration, then,
it would seem that both these pursuits are
objectionable, and should be rejected, and
my racked invention can conceive but one
more alternative. There is this one more
resource, but it is painful to me to mention
it, for I know the agony it must cost you.
Robbery or stealing revolts the taste. The
gallows looks grim and the dungeon dismal,
when they loom in the dark perspective of
the loafer's fate, and his heart must sink with
horror. But there is a doom less dangerous,
and more dreary than that. It is a doom at
which your nature shudders—an anguish
more terrible to you than the gnawing of the
worm that dieth not—a fate in which the
earth offers no rest, and the sun shines upon
you but to torture. Your food will but re-
mind you of the pain it has cost, and you
will live in the pangs which others die with.
After this description, it cannot be necessary
for me to explain that I refer to hard work.

It is painful to me to allude to this
contingency, or to bring this picture before
you, but it is my duty to do so, and I must
discharge it. You must go to work. Rob-
bery and stealing being rejected, it is un-
avoidable. You must go to work. It is a
bitter draught, I own. I had hoped earnest-
ly that it might be avoided. I have prayed
upon my bended knees that this cup might
pass from you—that this pang might be
spared. But the fiat of destiny has gone
forth and your fate is fixed. I have pondered
upon the question anxiously—I have gone
over the whole subject in detail; and you
must see that the conclusion is unavoidable.
It is a doom before which I fear even a loa-
fer's tranquility will fail. Serene and calm,
you could smile upon the mutations of time,
"the wreck of matter and the crush of
worlds," and would seem to defy the arrows
of fate. There was but one crevice in your
armor—but one shaft could pierce you, and
that shaft is shot. To work you must go
or starve. Hard must be that heart which
can look upon this fate and shed no tear of
pity! But it is not for the individual or for
his sufferings that I feel such poignant regret.
It is the annihilation of the venerable order,
the blotting out of the fraternity from the
mass of society, which, like the extinction of
a nation, sounds so solemn to my ear. The
death knell of the order has been pealed—
its dirge has been sung, and it will soon be
found only in that mighty storehouse of the
things which have passed. It stands upon
a naked rock, and the rising surges of the
great ocean of time swells darkly around it.
Beneath them is its burial, and the waves of
oblivion will roll sullenly over its grave.
Hark! to the gurgling waters. Rienzi was
the last of the Romans, Bayard the last of
the Chevaliers, Uncas the last of the Mohi-
cans, Mike Fink the last of the keelboatmen,
and the last requiem must soon be sung for
the last of the loafers.

THE public property of the city of Mo-
bile, Ala., consisting of building lots, wharves
&c., is advertised for sale on the first Mon-
day of March, 1843, under a deed of trust
given to secure the payment of municipal
bonds, amounting to more than \$513,000
to which is added the interest, amounting
to upwards of \$70,000.—*Bay State Democrat.*

THE American Tract Society has
within 17 years, distributed 2,000,000 books,
and 60,000,000 tracts.—*Id.*

A gentleman at Red Hook, N. Y., on
the Hudson river, has this season sold 2400
barrels of apples, all of his own raising, for
thirty six hundred dollars.—*Id.*

CHILD RECOVERED FROM INDIANS.—
A party of Kickapoos recently brought
into Fort Gibson a white boy about
ten years of age, purchased by them
from the Camanches, giving \$300 for
him. He could not speak a word of
English. The little fellow's sister was
left with the Camanches, and will be
obtained from them.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Whenever we look upon the works of Cre-
ation, we see marks of change and decay.
"Passing away" is written on all earthly
things. The flying clouds, the flowing
stream, the fading leaf—all have a voice
that reminds man of his changing state. We
feel that we are born to die. Life passed in
a few changing succession of events, and we
are gone. The strongest bodily frame must
yield to the conqueror Death, and return to
its mother earth. The limbs, once vigorous
and active, must become motionless; the eye,
once sparkling with intelligence and anima-
tion, must be closed, never more to weep or
smile; the voice, that once uttered sweet or
thrilling tones, must be hushed in silence.
This we call death. One follows after an-
other, till all are gone. But are we never
to live again? Is the long slumber of the
grave never to be broken? Shall we after
having bid farewell to the loved, the lovely,
never greet them again? never again see
those countenances which have, by their
love and purity, gladdened our hearts? We
shall. This life does not comprise the whole
of our existence. "Beyond the dark vaults
of the tomb, for those who are holy and
wise" there is a life that ever lives. Though
our bodies moulder in the dust, yet,
"The ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break,
The long and dreary sleep."
Portland Tribune.

A KEEN BOY.—At the time of the late ex-
citement at Nauvoo, a man rode up and en-
quired of a boy where Joe Smith was, think-
ing thereby to pump the boy and arrest
Smith through the information. The boy
replied that the prophet had ascended to
heaven on Hiram Smith's white horse, and
he was just preparing a kite to send his din-
ner to him! The man put spurs to his horse
and rode off, saying there was no finding out
any thing by a Mormon.—*Cincinnati Mic.*

UN-POSSIBLE.—Go to Egypt and put the
Sphinx in your pocket, cut a pigeon-wing
upon the point of a lightning-rod, whistle
down a tempest, climb the foamy torrent of
Niagara, deny the truth of Millerism, find
specie in a bank vault, talk reason to a man
mad with liquor, butt against a locomotive.
Do any one of these; but don't expect mercy
from the woman whom you once said was "as
yellow as saffron!"

NOT BAD.—A friend informs us that he
recently attended a meeting in a town in
New Hampshire, on which occasion the pre-
acher addressed his audience in the following
strain: "My hearers some of our brethren
tell us that the Lord is coming in power and
glory on the 23d of April next, when time
will end, and the elements melt with fervent
heat. They say they shall want nothing
after that time, and are consequently neg-
lecting their fields, and suffering their prop-
erty to waste. Now my friends, I think
this is very unwise, even supposing their
belief to be correct, and I shall act on a dif-
ferent principle. The Lord should be treat-
ed as becomes his greatness and majesty.
My house wants paint and I shall paint
it. My fences need repair, and I shall repair
them; so that if he does appear at the time
appointed, he may be decently received."
Salem Observer.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course
of industry; the wreck of health repaired by
temperance; forgotten knowledge restored
by study; alienated friendship soothed into
forgiveness; even forfeited reputation won
back by penitence and virtue. But who
ever again looked upon his vanished honor
recalled his slighted years and stamped them
with wisdom, or effected from Heaven's re-
cord the fearful blot of a wasted life.

A GOOD SENTIMENT FROM A GOOD MAN.—
"The working man is to society what the
mainmast is to the ship"—*M. Van Buren.*

NOW AND THEN.

How strikingly different is the situation
of the nation and national affairs at the
present time from what it was at the close
of the last democratic administration.

Then—we had just settled down upon the
Independent Treasury, and it had operated,
so far as tried, admirably. It was a system
of checks and balances, that promised to
preserve the public moneys, and be of vast
aid to the mercantile interests.

Now—that system is abolished, and no
other substituted; and the President holds,
in his own power, the entire purse of the na-
tion.

Then—the government was in a compar-
atively prosperous condition, owing but five
millions for its treasury notes, and being
fully able to meet those at maturity.

Now—the government is bankrupt, and
weighed down with a permanent debt of 25
millions.

Then—the expenses of the government
were promptly paid, and the laborers on the
public works received their wages promptly
when due.

Now—the laborers wait month after
month for the money that they absolutely
need, and for the want of which many of
them are in great distress.

Then—we had unity, energy and patri-
otism in our national councils.

Now—discord, dissension, turbulence and
treason are rampant.

Then—all this wrong was accomplished
by false promises, fraud and corruption of
the most stupendous kind.

Now—the democracy must regain the as-
cendency by the omnipotence of truth, by
political honesty, and by the power of the
ballot-box.
Portland American.

NOT BAD. The abolitionists of Ohio pro-
pose to hold a Barbecue in Kentucky thus
reciprocating the Clay affair in Ohio.—*Id.*

MR. CALHOUN AND THE TREATY.

After a good deal of twaddle about the
treaty, the Madisonian, a few days since in
its abundant lack of argument to sustain it,
with the usual resort of weakness, assails
our motives in opposing it; and suddenly dis-
covers, after an opposition of six months,
that our design is to injure Mr. Calhoun, and
promote the prospects of Mr. Van Buren for
the Presidency. The brilliancy of this dis-
covery is so exactly suited to the "Comera
obscura" of the Intelligence columns that,
as we expected, it appears in its morning's
paper.

We have said, again and again, that
we did not intend to enter into the matter
of the next presidency, nor are we so young
in politics as to allow common enemies to
drive us from our position; but it is per-
fectly in character with the hypocritical and
Janus-faced policy of the Whigs not to be-
lieve us, and from the very fact of our dis-
claiming it, to suspect that we are about it.
The inconsistency of their deeds with their
professions has become a byword, like the
"Punica fides" with the Romans. Even
when without power, as far back as the A-
shburton resolutions, they solemnly voted that
they could, constitutionally, do indirectly
what they could not do directly. No won-
der, therefore, they suspect every one of the
same faithlessness and duplicity which
fills the heart of their whole rotten pol-
icy.

If we desired to assail Mr. Calhoun, no
one, we think, should suspect us of the folly
of selecting a subject on which he was sus-
tained by Mr. Wright, Colonel King, Mr.
Walker, Mr. Woodbury—in a word, a ma-
jority of the Democratic party in the Senate.
It is a new way to weaken a man, by driv-
ing a majority to support him. The truth
is—obvious to all who care to see it—we
have assailed no Senator who has assented
to the treaty; on the contrary, we have de-
fended them. We have assailed only the
treaty, and those who made it. We can
very well see how Senators might be bound
in duty to assent to a treaty which they
never would have made. When the Govern-
ment had made, and Maine and Massachu-
setts (to whom the land in dispute belong-
ed) had concurred in, the treaty, having no
power to shap or affect the question in any
future negotiation or arbitration which
might take place, they might well, consis-
tently with the highest patriotism and the
most earnest sense of duty decline to arrest
it. The question might have presented to
their minds a choice of evils; and those
unknown, in the hands of such an Execu-
tive, might have been more to be dreaded
than those presented. We have therefore
blamed no Senator (much less the majority
of our own party) who voted for this treaty.

We doubt not they did their duty to the
country; and we, in denouncing it, have
done ours, without in the least assailing or
intending to assail them. Surely this is plain
from our course.

As to Mr. Calhoun, we think that our pa-
per has long since shown that, with us,
"by-gones are by-gones." We did, in former
times, say some pretty hard things of him;
and we are afraid, in return as hard things
were said of us. But we have long since sat
down in the same council-house, and smoked
the calumet together. Our war-hatchets
are unbanded, only to wet them to the eyes
in the blood of our common enemies, and
should a national convention appoint him
our great chief, we will follow his war-path
and fight in his shade, as long as a foe to the
great Democratic tribe remains to darken
our skies with the smoke of his wigwag, or
leave his track upon the leaves of our hunt-
ing grounds.

OHIOANS. The three boats, John Tyler,
Henry Clay and Veto, have been some time
laying in our basin, side by side.—Mr. Clay
in the middle. They were all three loaded
within the last few days, and the Henry Clay
was found sunk to her decks yesterday
morning, under her load. "TYLER TOO."
Albany Argus.

THE Providence papers of Wednes-
day contain a "proposed constitution," which
as the bills for publishing it are to be paid
by the General Assembly, we presume
comes out with every official sanction. It
retains the property qualification, which has
been the cause of all the difficulties in that
State!

Where is now the profession that the
King party desired to have universal suf-
frage—only in a legitimate way? We do not
believe a more tyrannical, deceitful set of
men exist on the earth, than these leaders of
the "law and order" advocates in Rhode Is-
land. We may here see, too, what might
be expected if the universal suffrage, so
much disliked by the Commercial Advertis-
ers, were once lost again, among us, and the
rule placed in the hands of the Federal
Whigs. For the Whigs make art and part
with the "Algerines." It is their nature,
and consistent with their party principles.

SAC AND FOX INDIANS. The annual pay-
ment of the Sac and Fox annuities, was
made at the agency, at Burlington, Iowa,
about two weeks since. On enumeration,
it was found that the Sac and Fox nation
consists of about 2,300 souls among whom
the sum of \$41,000 was distributed, by pay-
ing the same to the head of each family.—*Id.*

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF SILK.—
If a little powdered magnesia be ap-
plied on the wrong side of the silk as
soon as the spot is discovered, it is a
never failing remedy—the stain disap-
pearing as if by magic.

FORMER.—The N. Y. Eve. Post of the
19th says: The steam ship Britain, has just
arrived at Boston with news to the 4th inst.
her day of sailing.

The papers do not contain very impor-
tant news, but the most exciting subject
seems to be a violent discussion going on a-
bout the Ashburton Treaty. Nearly all
the papers come out, and denounce it as the
Ashburton capitulation, and the London
Times is the only one that supports him.

Lord Ashburton is to be made an Earl as
soon as possible.

THE ASHBURTON CAPITULATION.—The
Morning Chronicle says, as the Times is the
only journal that attempts to set up any de-
fence for the Ashburton surrender, it may be
useful to direct attention to the course which
that journal has adopted upon the boundary
question when the whigs were in office.
We would earnestly ask those who may be
disposed to adopt the Times as a guide upon
this subject to compare its present with its
former opinions. We do sincerely say that
we ask this not in any spirit of newspaper re-
crimination, but because we think it really
important the public should be able to esti-
mate, at their just value, the opinions of Lord
Ashburton's advocate.

GREAT FIRE IN LIVERPOOL.—There was a
great fire at Liverpool on the 23d ult. All
the buildings on Great Howard street, from
Compton to Neptune street, on Compton, from
Waterloo Road to Great Howard street on Ne-
ptune, from the same to the same, and on both
sides of Farnby street, from the same to the
same, and along Waterloo Road, embracing
684 yards were destroyed. Insurance on these
amounted to £70,000. Twenty bodies were
burned beneath the ruins. Forty-eight thou-
sand bales of cotton were burnt, valued at
£384,000.

LIVERPOOL CORN EXCHANGE, Sept. 30.—
The duty on Colonial Wheat and Flour hav-
ing again further advanced is now at the
highest point prescribed by the existing
Corn Act, viz: 5s per quarter and 3s per bar-
rel, respectively: upon foreign wheat also, it
is raised to 18s. on oats to 5s per quarter,
and on flour to 10s. 10d per barrel, being a
virtual prohibition of their release for home
consumption.

There had been a slight advance in cotton.
It was difficult, in consequence of the con-
flagration, to fix prices. Some little advance
had been made.

The following were the quotations on the
30th—Sea Island, 140 bales, 8 to 15d: 20
5d to 6: 3120 Upland do 4 to 5d: 2100 Ala-
bama and Mobile, 4d to 5d: 4550 New Or-
leans, 4 to 6.

The London corn market had been very
heavy and prices were depressed. All the
wheat markets were depressed.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 25.—There is nothing
new in the aspect of affairs in this town or
neighbourhood, the power loom weavers be-
ing still gradually returning to work, unable
longer to stand out, and the turn out may
be said to be at an end. In Bolton, how-
ever, matters are still unsettled, and at least,
1,400 hands are out.

TAXES IN ILLINOIS.—Governor Car-
lin, in a late Executive circular, says:
"The reduction of some salaries, the
curtailment of expenses together with
the large amount of additional lands
which have become taxable this year,
will justify a large reduction of taxes,
and leave ample means to carry
on the government on a plan of strict
economy; and until we get through
the present crisis, it will hardly be in
our power to collect revenue to pay
any portion of our public debt."

LOVE FOR NAPOLEON.—The National,
of Paris, states that on the eve of
the day which was observed as the
anniversary of the fete of Napoleon,
u wards of fifteen thousand persons
went to the Invalides to visit the late
Emperor's tomb, and that, during the
day, also, the column of Vendome was
surrounded by votaries to his memory.

THE U. S. SENATE.—The elections
enable an estimate to be formed res-
pecting the character of the U. S.
Senate at its next session. We copy
the following from the Journal of Com-
merce, which, appears to be a fair
estimate: "The Senate now comprises
30 Whigs, if we include Mr. Rives of
Virginia, and 20 Democrats. There
are two vacancies in Tennessee. It is
safe to assume that in place of Mr.
Preston, of S. C., Graham, of N. C.,
and Kerr, of Maryland, Democratic
Senators will be chosen for six years
from the 4th of March next. Indiana
is doubtful, but the chance is that there
also a democrat will be elected. On
the other hand, the Whigs have a
chance of gaining a Senator in Ohio,
in place of Mr. Allen. The Whigs will
retain a majority in the Senate unless
Tennessee should go back to the dem-
ocrats, and may have a majority, even
if she should."

SINGULAR CASE. The last Boston and Medi-
cal Journal contains a wonderful account of
the examination of the heart of a living person, thro'
the cavity in the chest, by Wm. Harvey, the dis-
coverer of the circulation of the blood. The sub-
ject was a young man of 19 years of age, who,
when a child, suffered from a fracture of the ribs,
which ulcerated, and finally healed up, leaving
an aperture open. Over the hole a small plate
was worn to prevent the parts from injury. The
heart and ventricles were handled by Harvey, and
without pain to the subject, whence he concluded
that the heart is deprived of the sense of feeling.

DUTY ON U. S. WHEAT. The bill impos-
ing a duty of three shillings sterling per
quarter, on wheat from the United States,
passed the Canada House of Assembly on
the 4th inst., by a vote of 31 to 19. The
bill goes into operation on the 5th of July
next. It is expected to pass the Legislative
Council.—*Bay State Dem.*